

Making it Hotter by Heartithateyou

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: BI STEVE, Coming Out, Cute, Cute Ending, Drabble, First Kiss, Fluff, Fluff and Crack, Fluff and Humor, Gay, Getting Together, M/M, One Shot, Randomness, Romantic Fluff, Sharing a Bed, Short & Sweet, Short One Shot, Sweet, Sweet/Hot, Tooth-Rotting Fluff, gay billy, random drabble

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-04-06

Updated: 2018-04-06

Packaged: 2022-04-21 15:35:34

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,229

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Steve and Billy are forced to share a cot during one hot, summer night.

This is going to be a long night.

Making it Hotter

“It seriously is like a million degrees.” He whined for possibly the hundredth time.

He knew he was coming off like a whiney brat, but he couldn't help it. How he ended up on a cramped cot, sweating to death, next to Billy fucking Hargrove was beyond him.

But here he was.

“Whining about it doesn't make it any less hot Harrington, so would you just shut up? Some of us are trying to sleep.” Billy mutters from the other side of the cot.

They were currently stuck in the basement at the Byer's house, through the mother of all fuck ups. They had been swinging by in Billy's car to pick up Max when Billy had thought it would be a brilliant idea to try to drive over the curb, which had resulted in two popper tires.

Since the only car repair shop in town was closed, they had been forced to just crash there for the night.

Which would have been a lot easier if it wasn't the middle of summer and hotter than hellfire.

“I'm sorry, out of the two of us, which one got us stuck here? In possibly the hottest basement in the entire world?” He asks, rolling his eyes.

“It's not my fault that shit Indiana can't handle my car. Can't believe I'm friends with such a baby.” Billy says with a smirk.

“Can't believe I became friends with someone who beat me up and can't drive.” He says with a snort.

How he and Billy had become friends was more confusing than why Billy thought driving over a curb was a good idea. But weirdly enough, they had become pretty close over the past few months.

After Billy apologized about the incident (which he was 90% sure was Max's doing) they ended up bumping into each other more often than not due to picking up Max and Dustin.

And the biggest surprise was that under that douche bag demeanor, Billy was a pretty alright guy. He had a wicked sense of humor that always caught Steve by surprise and was actually nice when he didn't think anyone was paying attention.

The only downside to starting to like Billy was that he accidentally started to really like him.

Like really, really like him.

It was bad enough that the other man was ridiculously good looking and had a set of abs that make his mouth water, realizing he wasn't the worst just made him a total goner.

So of course he would end up having to share a ridiculously small cot with the other man.

"Like you could resist my charms if you tried?" Billy says with a smirk, giving Steve an exaggerated wink. He rolled his eyes and tried not to let his eyes linger on Billy's abs or how he swears they're glistening in the dim light of a basement.

"Oh yeah, you smell like a cigarette and half of your phrases start with 'fuck you'." He says with a snort.

"You know what, fuck you. And it's not like you're smelling great right now either princess." Billy says with a chuckle.

"That's because it's a million degrees! Honestly, I don't know if I've ever sweat this much, it's like being locked in a sauna-" He begins to ramble before he's abruptly cut off by Billy rolling over and pinning him down to the bed. His face is so close to his, he can feel Billy's breath on his face and his hair tickling his cheek.

"If you don't shut up about how hot it is Harrington, I'll give you a reason to be hot." Billy says with a devious smirk.

He tries to crack some joke or tell Billy to fuck off or elbow him in

the side but he suddenly can't remember how to form words or move or breathe.

"So that's what finally shuts you up. If I didn't know better Harrington, I'd think you like having me on top of you." Billy says with a dark chuckle.

Finally, his self-preservation kicks in and he manages to roll Billy off of him.

Unfortunately, he wasn't prepared for Billy keeping a death grip on his wrists and forcing him on top of the other boy.

"Oh sorry, didn't realized you wanted me on bottom." Billy says with another smirk. He realizes all too quickly that he is currently straddling one of Billy's legs and if he were to move it even a fraction of an inch, he would notice that he was definitely hard in his pj pants and that would be something he wouldn't be able to laugh his way out of.

"Screw you Hargrove." He says as he tries to rip his wrists out of Billy's hands.

Goddamn the other man is strong, he feels like he's trying to rip himself out of concrete.

"Oh, is that what you want?" Billy asks with a laugh. The laugh makes Billy shift just enough that Billy's leg brushes against his crotch and suddenly Billy's eyes widen in realization.

"So it is what you want." Billy whispers, his expression unreadable.

"Fuck off Billy." He mutters lamely, finally able to rip his wrists from Billy and rolls away from him to the edge of the bed. He sits up and takes a deep breath, his mind running rampant trying to think of how to do damage control.

"Steve, wait-" Billy says behind him and he tries to brace himself for whatever might happen.

"Please, just, don't tell anyone." He whispers, trying to keep his voice from cracking. He thinks about the million ways that Billy could ruin

his life and can feel the tears starting to form.

“I won’t tell anyone, guys like us have to watch out for one another.” Billy says gently. He can feel the cot shift as Billy crawls closer to him.

It takes a minute for Billy’s meaning to fully sink in and he twists his head to look back at him, hoping he’s understanding Billy correctly.

“Guys like...” He begins, unable to believe what he’s really hearing. Because honestly, is it really possible after all the shit he’s gone through that he could get this lucky?

“Like us. I want it too.” Billy whispers, moving on the bed until his chest is practically against Steve’s back. Their faces are barely an inch apart and he feels like he must be dreamy. Billy’s eyes look even bluer this close and he can’t help but notice how supple Billy’s lips look.

And he can’t himself from leaning in and kissing him, softly and gently, and almost too sweetly for Billy Hargrove. He tangles his hand in Billy’s hair, almost to ground himself and needing the proof that yes, this is actually happening.

He feels Billy wrap his arms around him and pull him ever closer, deepening the kiss as he does.

“Fuck Billy.” He says as he pulls away, panting slightly.

“Right back at ya king Steve. Glad I can just kiss you now when you start complaining.” Billy says with a smirk, rubbing his hands along his arms.

“Really, we’re going to go there again? It’s practically an oven down here-“ He’s cut off again by Billy kissing him and swears he can feel a smile on his lips.

But he swears he’s probably never going to stop complaining if it gets Billy to kiss him.

Author's Note:

Thank you for reading!

Feel free to leave comments!!